



Fiancé

orphan_account

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Characters: Bill Denbrough, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris

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Summary:

bill and stan in the morning. also, fluff.

Fiancé

Author's Note:

bill and stan are 19 in this
so
yeah

Stan yanked his jeans onto his naked legs, ran a hand through his curly hair and groaned. "Fuck you're rough dude."

Bill laughed from his spot in his bed; face down with the blankets covering his bottom half. "You like it, shut up princess. Thought you'd be used to it be now," He said groggily making no attempt to lift his face out of its comfy spot buried in the pillow.

"What if I don't?" The taller of the two countered, eyes scanning the room for his plain black tee shirt that had been flung somewhere unknown in the darkness of Bill's room last night.

"Definitely not what it sounded like last night Stanny boy," Bill sang, and opened his sleepy eyes, twisting his head around to a certain angle to see his fiancé.

Stanley scoffed and rolled his eyes, lifting bed sheets off of the floor and looking under them for his shirt.

"Don't be salty. Ya love me," Bill teased letting his head drop back onto the pillow.

Stan snorted and looked behind Bill's dresser in search of his shirt.

"Might wanna stop walking funny love, otherwise the guys are gonna know you're a bottom," Bill's voice once again interrupting Stan's searching.

"Fuck off stop being a dick," Stan said, a fond smile on his face anyway. "Where the fuck did you throw my shirt last night?"

Bill lifted his head and pulled a shirt from under his pillow, flinging it at Stan's unimpressed face.

“Dude I’ve been looking for that for the past five minutes,” Stan whined, slipping the tee on over his head.

“And you’ve been looking for a sense of fashion for the past five years. Glad you’ve finally found it,” Bill snorted and rolled over onto his back.

“You’ve been spending too much time around Richie,” Stan said, his eyes narrowed. He sat down on Bill’s bedroom floor and started to put his shoes and socks on his feet.

“You don’t think saying yes was a mistake, do you Stanny?”

Bill question sounded vague but Stan knew what he was talking about. He sighed, slipped on his shoe and looked up at Bill who was now sitting up, cocooned inside his comforter, watching Stan put his shoes and socks on.

Stan stood up and walked over to his partner. “That is the stupidest question I’ve ever heard,” He said and cupped Bill’s cheeks with his hands. “I am going to marry you. Not once has that ever crossed my mind as a mistake. I am literally counting down the days.”

This made Bill smile. “You don’t think we’re too young?”

Stan and Bill both know that Bill should have waited until they were in their twenties at least to propose, but Bill didn’t regret asking and Stan didn’t regret saying yes.

“Of course not. Just think, in two years’ time we’ll be 21, living in a house somewhere nice, happily married...” Stan trailed off grinning stupidly. Then he leaned in and kissed the tip of Bill’s nose.

Bill laughed and pulled away from Stan. “Okay, I’m gonna get dressed now we were supposed to meet Eddie and Mike 5 minutes ago.”

Author's Note:

i need some sleep

go check out my tumblr:

<http://richiemotherfuckingtozier.tumblr.com/>